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What's left on the page, after the warning about coarse language, and after reading the programme notes and promotional blurb, and after agreeing to the terms and conditions, and after deciding it is worth it, and after checking your bag and coat, and after the indescribable hush after the doors close, and after the lights go off, and after the listening begins, and after the opening monologue, and after the first image, and after the theatre is empty except for a chair lit up in the middle of the stage, and after the technician comes out to show us how all the lighting and sound equipment works and the health and safety regulations of the room, and after a large, attractively furnished drawing room, decorated in dark colours, and in the back, a wide doorway with curtains drawn back, and after booking my appointment in the library, and after being placed in a group with eleven others in a confined space, and after remembering seeing something quite like this before, and after he makes funny faces at the audience, squints into the lights, looks down, picks something up from the floor, and moves it stage right, and after the actor enters the darkened room and kicks off one shoe and lies awkwardly on the floor, using make-up to create a long, ugly gash on her leg, and then a wound to her stomach, with blood pooling below her, and after a human skeleton slowly crawls the width of the stage, and after stacks of fragile dishes are shaken and rattled by an unseen force, and after each audience member comes in she interrupts whatever story she is in the middle of and cheerfully greets each new guest as if at a dinner party, and after a room of hope, of waiting, of longing, and after her gilded body slowly travels along a mirrored pathway and back, her movements deliberate and considered, her skin wrapped in rich and elemental light, and after there are 16 performers whose ages range between 8 and 14, and after the line-up at the front of the stage, and after they put on their costumes in front of us, and after the confrontation, and after the wig, and after the dress, and after the glossy lips and the smell of sweat, and after a long cold star, and after a nervous laugh, and after the tics and stammers, and after a fist raised in anger and fear, and after those eyes wild with terror, and after the twisted shape of his mouth, and after the powder rises faintly off the skin, and after the camera tracks the events in real time, and after the reversal of fortune, and after the recognition scene arrives, and after the sickening thud, and after the open wound, and after the broken glass, and after the shouting at night, and after predictable gender roles, and after the long speech in a foreign language, and after the surtitles, and after the push and pull, and after someone loudly leaves the room, and after the flickering light, and after the body made strange, and after the questionable use of animals, and after the radiant small child, and after staring right at each other, and after the long silence, and after the slapstick interlude, and after the audience participation, and after these illegible notes written in the dark, and after you forget what just happened, and after your mind goes somewhere else, and after returning to your seat, and after her head moves mechanically like a panning camera to create diagonals through the space, and after twenty minutes—twenty minutes—of silence, and after a change in the mood, and after the hypnotic music track, and after someone wearing a pantomime horse's head, and after she falls over and over again, and after the stage lights re-align, and after a series of fixed tableaux, and after he holds the mic to her throat, and after the bowling ball is dropped onto his stomach, and after the string quartet, and after the room is filled with balloons, and after the voice continues after her lips stop moving, and after he emerges from a suitcase, and after he spits into his hands, and after she looks you in the eye, and after you're dragged from your seat, and after they all quiver *en pointe*, and after the simulated bad sex, and after smelling gunshot, and after the floor is wet and slippery, and after sand pours from the ceiling, and after the set is whisked away, and after there's nothing left but the bare stage, and after the tiny village goes up in flames, and after a ragtag group of apparently placeless or displaced persons sifting through fragments of memory, and after his hands waft effortlessly like a bat's flight slowed down to a visible tremble, and after local participants tell their stories as the stage is re-made around them, and after they methodically gather air into white bin bags, and after we're invited to come right up close to the window and observe the workers, and after the great shriek, the scream, the wail, the ecstatic howl, the *Schrei*, and after patters of whispering, like rainfall, fluttering in

the room, and after plaster strips are spread over her eyes, across her nose, and over her mouth, and after a troupe of dancing girls spends more time bowing than dancing, and after he's moving and lip-syncing with such careful precision that his painted face feels more cinematic than flesh, and after the shadows of the clouds wander slowly over the forest floor, and after a city wall collapses and after a tyrant concedes his throne and after an ocean runs through the streets, and after the left hand reaches to the sky and then down to the face while the right hand folds away from the shoulder with the eyes closed and the palm turned inwards, and after a third figure remains hidden throughout but you know it's there, and after the tall one keeps his feet where they are and turns his body away and the mass of others slowly fold in a crumple toward the floor, and after we are left holding these remote controllers and unable to effect any further changes in their lives, and after a deep red light that could almost be black, and after it slowly becomes clear that the voices we hear are coming from outside the theatre, and after a long sequence that begins with what seems like a throwaway gesture with the hand and some mud and builds in intensity until the whole space is filled with it, and after she coats her lips with sugar and licks them deliberately and winks, and after they move like birds in a storm, and after nothing seems so precarious as that small glass in his hand, and after the exquisite precision of the way he twists his thumbs, and after a pause for thought after each time she says the word "apparently", and after the lights take turns illuminating each section of the space, and after the right leg drags behind inert and the right arm hangs limp while the rest of the body moves furiously forward with excruciating slowness, and after there's a long pause between the words "this" and "home" that could hold everything, and after I can't make out what I wrote about this moment so I am left only with the word "tearing", and after nothing "happens", and after a beautiful woman opens a door to reveal her twin on the other side, and after the sound of the horse enters the house, and after the spectacularisation of the "abnormal" body, and after we have moved into the late night or early morning when it feels like the truth is coming out, and after he teeters gorgeously, precariously, in stiletto heels and a tattered tutu, and after a game of glances, and after a ritual of humiliation, and after a redemptive gesture, and after this circling movement spirals outward until everything is spinning, and after theory, and after abjection, and after representation, and after the postdramatic, and after mimesis, and after alienation, and after the theatre of the real, and after playing the witness, and after playing the emancipated spectator, and after posthumanism, and after semiotics, and after phenomenology, and after cultural materialism, and after the shimmer of affect, and after live, and after delegation, and after surrogation, and after the actor at work, and after the audience is listening, and after the haunted stage, and after the artificial hells, and after the repertoire, and after the player's passion, and after stage fright, and after the illuminated theatre, and after small acts of repair, and after certain fragments, and after unmarked politics, and after the expanded field, and after the coming community, and after they play a game in which they imagine where they will be in a few hours after the show, and then a few days, and onward through months and years until they imagine the time after their lives have finished, and after two hours of static tableaux and fixed grimaces, and after the show that never arrives, and after the tilted earth, after a vessel made of song, and he circling the room, stepping lightly, a bird wing sticking out of the corner of his mouth, and then leaving, and after she asks, "how do you stop a performance?", and after the sudden blackout, and after a silence that is far too brief, and after this audience is quick to cheer and stamp and yell, and after this audience doesn't know what to think, and after the person next to me suddenly wakes up, and after one of the children bounces off one of the foam blocks a little bit sideways and misjudges the landing and curls up on the stage clutching his ankle, and after the doors swings open, and after as far as I know the last pose is held until everyone has left, and after they start taking down the set in front of us and clearing up the sloppy mess, and after the sequence begins again from the top, and after the safety curtain closes down, and after the back wall rises and the loading bay doors open so you can see all the way through to the teenagers playing in the park behind the theatre, and after the attendant opens the door to the small room and tells me it's time to go, and after they all climb into a van and leave us here in the rain, and after they are still standing there after everyone has stopped clapping, and after the breath, and after the bones, and after the unforgettable, and after the discarded, and after the dawn, and after the dusk, and after the unknowable, and after the unspeakable, and after the shouted, and after the whispered, and after the velocity, and after the darkness, and after these words.